

Children's Newspaper

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THREE CHEERS FOR A LITTLE LADY

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### COME INTO THE HARBOUR, MAUD AN ICEBOUND SHIP SET FREE

End of a Long Captivity in  
the Ice

#### ANOTHER CHAPTER OF AMUNDSEN'S LIFE

From time to time during the last three years the world has been keeping an eye on the good ship Maud, Amundsen's faithful vessel which has been frozen up, imprisoned in pack ice. At last her white gaoler has released her, and she has arrived at Nome in Alaska, with six merry men on board.

It is nearly seven years since the Maud left Oslo, the Norwegian capital, then called Christiania. Amundsen's plan was to drift on the ice toward the Pole, and make the rest of the journey by aeroplane. But his plans were changed through the weather.

#### Sailing the Wintry Seas

In the summer of 1922 the great explorer sailed from Seattle in the Maud. She kept to the seas as far as Cape Barrow, the most northerly point in Alaska. There Amundsen left her with six men on board, Captain Wirting in charge. He set off to fly across the polar basin. In a few weeks the Maud had frozen in and was drifting, starting a polar voyage of her own which everyone knew could only end when the ice released her.

The next time we heard of the Maud she had drifted 280 miles, and was lying north-west of Wrangel Island. Everyone knew that she was a stoutly built vessel and did not fear that the ice would crush her sides.

Farther and farther away from the world of busy men and women, flowers and harvests, rain and sunshine, drifted the ice-bound ship with her hopes and fears, her six brave men, and her pack of dogs. The silence and waste of the Frozen North swallowed her up. She passed completely out of human ken.

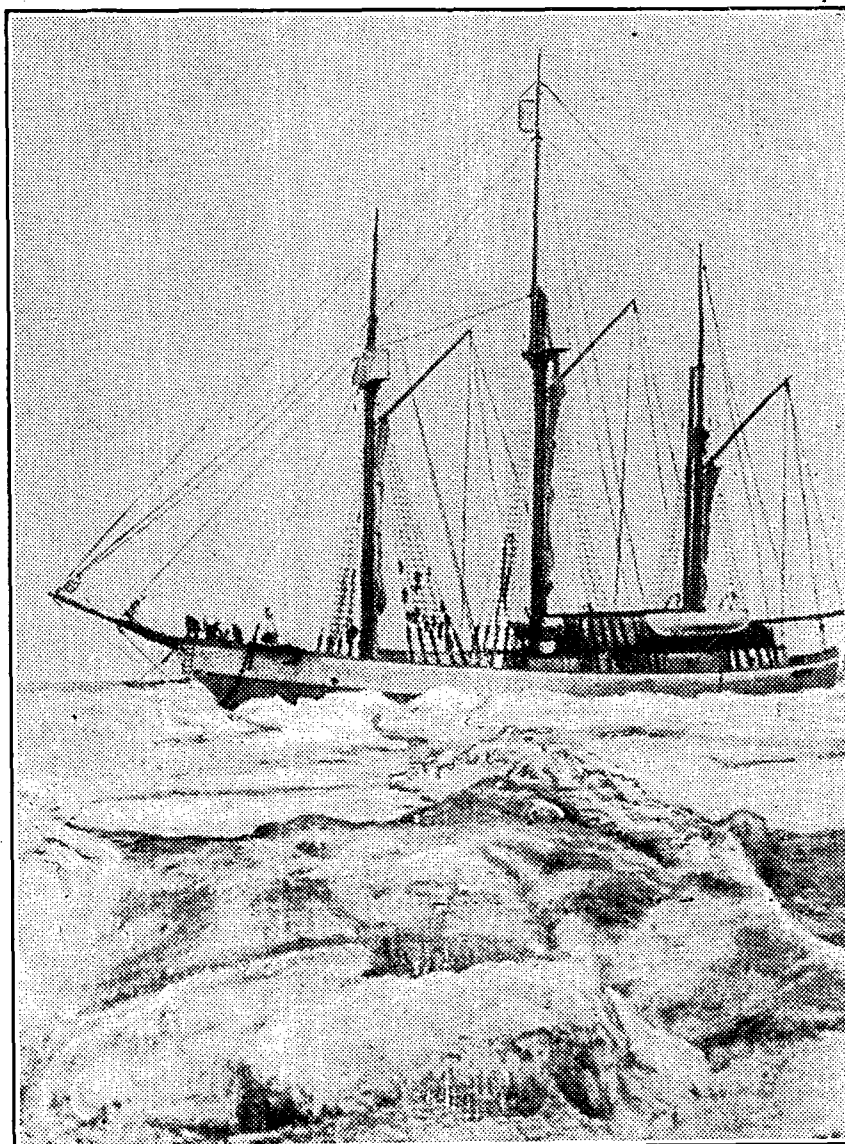
#### Unwelcome Visitors

Her men thrive well enough, and found plenty to do to amuse themselves. Among other activities they published a newspaper—a curious periodical, that. (The C.N. would very much like to see a copy.) The exiles had plenty to do on certain days, when the Maud was threatened by the ice.

There were terrible blizzards in which it seemed that no human being and no work of human hands could exist. There were seasons when the grinding ice became a terrible menace, and the men wondered if the ship would stand it. When the ice pressure was at its greatest the Maud was forced up twenty feet above the water level.

The wild life of the Arctic regions furnished the crew of the Maud with a

### The Maud Comes Back to Civilisation



For more than three years Amundsen's ship, the Maud, in which he hoped to drift toward the North Pole, has been a prisoner in the Arctic ice. At one time little hopes of her release were entertained, but a week or two ago she broke loose and to the delight of everyone has arrived safely at Nome, in Alaska. See first column and World Map

source of study and amusement, and sometimes of danger. The polar bears thought the Maud a delightful plaything, and tried often enough to board her. At moments of this kind the dogs, who had a constitutional dislike for polar bears, would sit on their haunches, howling miserably.

Then the Maud's crew had to get their guns out, and on these occasions they shot, from the decks of the ship, twenty-two polar bears.

As the summer of 1925 approached the prisoners in the ice began to hope. The Maud drifted down on her frozen platform into warmer seas; the ice broke. Then on the seventh of August, joy of joys, the ice melted and the tough little vessel found herself on the restless waves again.

There were a good many repairs to be seen to. As soon as she was fit she sailed away and anchored in Nome harbour, arriving on August 24. Thus was completed one of the most wonderful voyages of its kind in the history of the seas.

Picture on this page

### THE LITTLE GEMS AND THE GREAT STONES

WHO BROUGHT THE  
BEADS TO STONEHENGE?

A Looker-on at the Pyramids  
Three Thousand Years Ago

#### BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN

Of all the puzzles which Old England sets up that of the age of Stonehenge is one of the greatest, for there is hardly anything to tell us who raised those great stones, or why they built the mighty three-stone gateway.

There for centuries this strange pile of stones has stood, baffling in its mystery, stirring thoughts of ancient times and curious ways, yet giving us no real hint of what it means.

Sir William Boyd Dawkins, speaking to the British Association the other day, said there was but one slender clue to the history of the raising of Stonehenge. In some of the burial mounds near the sacred stones are beads from Egypt, such as were strung for ornament when Akhnaton changed the worship of the gods of the Nile for that of the Sun, and his successor Tutankhamen restored the old worship and brought back its priests.

#### Bronze Age Burial Mounds

But the great stones of Stonehenge (the megaliths, as we call them) must have been raised long before either of these Egyptian rulers was gathered to his fathers and laid in the Valley of the Kings. The burial mounds near Stonehenge belong to a time in the Bronze Age, when men used weapons of copper. The stones were raised before that, and the stone-raisers carried their rites and buildings far beyond Stonehenge, to the mines of Cornwall, and as far north as the Isles of Orkney.

Whether the builders were wanderers from Egypt who brought to Britain the story of the raising of the Pyramids none can say. It would be strange if that were true, because only in Britain and in Brittany are there found great collections of these arrays of vast stones, though single megalithic monuments are found in many places, as if in the dawn of mankind a great stone set up was enough for man to worship.

But the beads must have travelled from Egypt, and it is an alluring thing to think about. Someone who had looked on the Pyramids may have brought them, and perhaps his children buried them with him as an amulet or a very treasured possession.

#### 10,000 TURNS A SECOND

Who can imagine a wheel turning round ten thousand times in a second?

Two French scientists have just described to the French Academy of Sciences a new machine they have made, the rotating part of which revolves 660,000 times a minute, or a million times in a minute and a half.

### SHIPS ON THE SCRAP HEAP

#### A Million Tons Lost to the Sea

Ships come and ships go, but on the whole we hear very little about them. Here are some very remarkable figures about the world's fleet.

Last year there were lost through one cause or another 316 merchant ships, totalling nearly two million tons, and nearly three-quarters of them were steamers or motor-ships. This does not mean that there were more wrecks, for there were actually fewer; but the huge total of more than 1,300,000 tons of shipping was scrapped, the biggest figure ever recorded. Britain alone scrapped 260,000 tons.

Now, though it seems rather alarming that so many ships should be sent to the scrap-heap, a million tons does not seem very much when we consider the world's shipping as a whole. The total wastage of ships in a year through wrecks is now only one-half per cent, and the wastage through old age not very much more!



## THREE CHEERS FOR A LITTLE LADY

### HOW SHE BROKE THE LAW OF THE ISLAND

Exciting Adventures of Sark's  
First Motor-Car

### RUNNING THE LIGHT AND THE WIRELESS

We believe it is a little late, but our copy of the Guernsey Weekly Press has only just arrived with the news of Sark's first motor-car, and we cannot resist stealing this account of the great event.

Much wonder and controversy have been caused by the landing of a motor-car in Sark, and we should like to enlighten our readers on the subject.

It appears that the car in question belongs to the new Medical Officer of Sark; he brought it from England when he came over to take up his appointment last autumn, little imagining that in these modern times, there could be a place so near his native shores where motor-cars are banned. However, when he came to tranship his car to Sark for use in his practice, he was informed of the law against the circulation of motor vehicles on that island, so he stored his car in Guernsey.

#### The Car Arrives

Then the doctor decided to have the car in Sark, to use the engine to drive a dynamo for electric lighting for his residence, for charging accumulators for his wireless, and for electrical treatment for patients.

Permission was asked and granted for the storing of the car in Sark, *provided* it should not be circulated on the roads.

One sunny morning the steamship Courier was sighted, making for Sark with a small blue motor-car aboard, whereupon many people exclaimed and thought the boat must be going to Alderney; but no, she came right into the harbour and to rest under the crane, with every intention of staying the day.

#### The Girl With the Kitten

After the passengers and mail were landed, a small figure, carrying a kitten in her arms, boarded the boat and got into the car, much to the amazement of the onlookers, for it was their doctor's little girl. The hood was lowered, hoisting tackle fastened on the car, and the car was slung up to the pier head by the eleven Sarkese at the hand winch, for the island's doctor is too beloved by the farmers and fisherfolk, whose children he had saved through a serious epidemic last winter, for them to refuse to land his car.

The car being landed, the Sark constables came up and said the car must not be driven to the house of the owner on its own power, but be dragged up by horses, as it was against the law of the island that motor vehicles be circulated on the road.

#### Taking the Consequences

Imagine the indignation of the driver on being thus informed. Just then Captain Audouin, of the Courier, came up and introduced a certain dignitary of the island to the little lady, who invited him to step in and ride up. He smiled and replied that he would like to very much, but, as he had helped to make the law forbidding the circulation of motor vehicles on the island, he could hardly be the first to break it; whereupon, in exasperation, the small driver told the constables she would take the consequences of breaking the law, or rather of taking the law into her own hands, so she touched the self-starter and drove off, leaving everyone too paralysed with surprise to move for the moment, because they at least expected the driver to go round to the front of the car to start it, which would have given the constables

## NATIONS AND THEIR DEBTS

### BELGIUM PAYS

What France Owes to the  
British Taxpayer

### AND WHAT SHE PROPOSES TO PAY

Britain is having a very uncomfortable time in discussing with France the payment of her debt to us. When America asked us to pay we made arrangements at once to do so, and had we owed France hundreds of millions we should have paid at once. Even Belgium is paying America back.

Britain has been willing to make generous concessions to France, but we have to pay back America the money we borrowed for France when she appealed to us to help her with money as well as men.

#### An Astonishing Suggestion

What our Government did then was to borrow an immense sum of money, amounting to nearly seven hundred millions, to enable France to carry on the war. We are now paying America back, and what France was expected to do was to pay the debt incurred for her. What is now actually proposed is that France should pay only a very small part, an astonishing suggestion considering the strong financial position of France.

Lord Bradbury, one of the greatest financial experts in Europe, considers that France could pay forty millions a year, whereas the utmost that France proposes to pay is ten millions, or perhaps a little more. France's recovery since the war has been so rapid that she is now richer than before the war. The devastated areas have been almost wholly repaired, and with new machinery she is actually doing better than we are in industries in which we used to excel her. And she has no unemployment.

#### The Cause of the Trouble

The whole trouble is that French people do not submit to taxation as we do, and her financial ministers find it impossible to raise sufficient money to pay the nation's debts.

At present our Government has proposed to accept a payment of £12,500,000 a year for 62 years, which is equal to wiping out about 13s. 4d. in the pound, or presenting France with £450,000,000, which the British taxpayer has to pay on her behalf. As France is spending enormous sums on warships, war-planes, and submarines, some anxiety is felt in this country lest the money that should be paid to us is spent on military programmes.

Continued from the previous column

time to take action. But, so much for the sporting spirit of the islanders, the car had not reached the entrance to the famous tunnel before a cheer went up and a hand was waved back to them.

For this piece of law-breaking the young lady was summoned to appear before Monsieur le Sénéchal, and, on pleading guilty, was severely admonished, and fined £2.

This, however, is not the end. Pending the erection of a shed to house the car on the doctor's premises, the car had to be moved to a store. So, late one dark night, a phantom car, brilliantly lit up, was seen silently moving along, propelled by 6-man-power. People came to their windows to see what the searchlight was, but it was only the headlights of the car. At the top of the steep hill the car came to a stop, the 6-man-power was loaded aboard, the brake released, and down the hill at a good 30 m.p.h. on its own impetus the horseless vehicle sped, and six sturdy Sarkese had the novel experience of at any rate having one ride in the forbidden motor-car on their own island.

## AN EMPTY PLACE AT THE ZOO

### SAMMY LEAVES THE POLAR PIT

A Tale of Two Bears with a  
Pathetic Ending

### 20 YEARS IN LONDON

A great multitude of old and young will miss one of their oldest friends at the Zoo now that Sammy the polar bear has passed away.

One of the first things we all did at the Zoo was to go to see Sammy. Twenty years ago he came from Nova Zembla, a jolly little chap, about two years old, full of freakish tricks that delighted everybody.

Presently Barbara came to live with him. We all remember Mistress Barbara. There were many scrimmages between the two before it was settled who was to be the chief person in the Polar Bear Pit.

Barbara, of course, won the day. She adored Sammy, but she had to keep him in his place for all that. Sammy quite understood, and allowed her to cuff him when she felt like it. They were a very handsome and very amusing pair.

#### A Bad Mother

Unfortunately, Barbara was not a very good mother. Her strong point was in being mistress in her own house, and one cannot be everything. She did not look after her babies as well as she might have done, the cubs were nearly always born in winter, and, what with fogs and a mother who felt she must be continually walking round and seeing what her husband was up to, the polar babies had not much chance. Everybody felt very sorry, for a little Sammy or a little Barbara would have been very much beloved in the Zoo.

The years passed by, summer and winter, boys and girls growing up and still coming to see Sammy and Barbara at home. Then, after nineteen years of married life, poor Sammy was left sorrowing. He could not bear it, without Barbara. Walking about, spying first in this corner and then in that, always watching the terrace, half crying and half grunting, he waited for Barbara to come back. Weeks passed by; months.

#### The End Draws Near

Lizzie came to comfort his loneliness, but somehow, they did not get on very well, and after a time Lizzie went to live somewhere else.

By this time Sammy was really old, a pathetic figure, mechanically begging for buns and finding he had no teeth left to chew them, tormented by flies and the staring sun, and no energy left to seek escape in his bath. He was given a little house of his own and carefully watched. But it was clear that the end was drawing near. Had Sammy been in his native haunts in the wilds he would have crept away to die, for such is the instinct of his kind. Here there was no such possibility. The eyes of the world were upon him. So, to ease him of his suffering, death came to him swiftly and cleanly one morning by means of a gun, and now we look for him in vain, and the Zoo has an empty place for us.

#### C.P.

How many of us have travel and see the world if we had the time and money to spare?

That is impossible for most of us, yet there is no reason why we should be ignorant of other lands.

Week by week readers of the Children's Pictorial see pictures of happenings all over the world. Then there are stories of thrilling adventures and scientific and mechanical progress in many lands, besides poems and puzzles, interesting facts, and toys that can be made up easily.

The C.P. is wonderful value for twopence. Buy it now.

## THE MYSTERY OF A PIT

### HAS IT A GREAT SURPRISE FOR THE WORLD?

Talk of a Sanctuary for  
Prehistoric Animals

### LAND OF THE GREAT DEPARTED

Where the road ends in North Rhodesia, and unknown mid-Africa begins, a great hole a hundred feet across pits the desert.

The Mashona and Matabele shun it. To the native it is the Forbidden Pit in whose depths some strange unknown monster lives. In the native mind it has produced such a horror that a few years ago some of the Ila people tied themselves together and flung themselves into its depths as a sacrifice.

What is the truth about these stories? A visit has lately been made to the pit by a friend of Mr. Worthington, who was Native Commissioner there. He found the strange pit, though it was hard to get a native guide to take him there, and peered into the depths in which water from some underground river has risen now to within forty feet of the top. He saw no strange beasts, but the native assertion that they are still concealed in the forests and swamps of that wild country cannot be shaken.

#### Tracks in the Marshes

Lewanki, the late chief of the Barotse, a very intelligent man, more than once told Mr. Worthington that near marshes about the Forbidden Pit he had seen an animal like a monstrous hippopotamus, but many times larger, which swirled away as he looked but left behind it the traces of its crawling limbs like ruts of wagon wheels.

The story conjures up visions of some great reptile like the Plesiosaurus, which wallowed in the swamps of Africa millions of years before the most ancient man walked there. Fifty miles from the Forbidden Pit the skull of Africa's earliest known man was found, a contemporary of the Cave Men of Europe. Could he have ever seen this monster or its ancestors?

#### The Age of Reptiles

It seems impossible that any such prehistoric monster could have survived the frightful upheaval which cut off the Age of Reptiles on the Earth from that which followed it and brought in the reign of the mammals. It seems incredible that in any portion of the world, however secluded and shut off from the rest, any such race of creatures could have lived through the gap of those millions of years.

Yet the stories of the survival of some kind of unknown extinct monsters cannot be disregarded.

An expedition was sent to South America to find in Patagonia the extinct Giant Sloth. It was never found, but its living traces were. If it is extinct it has only just become so. In the forests of Borneo the native hunters say that there flies a monstrous bat as huge as a dragon. In New Zealand there has always been a Maori story of a monster of which their forefathers saw the last, and they believe it still lives.

#### Where Time Might Stand Still

If no such extinct reptile can haunt the country of the Forbidden Pit, is there any other extinct animal which might be found there? The Earth changes in a hundred years, its changes in a thousand years are enormous, and suffice by themselves to extinguish races of animals, birds, beasts, and, more slowly, reptiles.

In Africa there are a number of animals which, according to the geological time-piece, have only lately become extinct, and there seems no reason why in some protected spot where food was plentiful and enemies few, some of these ancient animals should not have survived to show the world, like the okapi, that they are not yet prehistoric.



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## THE BLACK SPOT OF ENGLAND

### A Sad Story

#### COLLAPSE OF A GOOD MOVEMENT

One of the saddest sights in England is the Black Country of South Staffordshire. Once a beautiful garden, it is now a desert of slag heaps and ugly landscapes.

The C.N. has already described the efforts that have been made to remove this blot from the countryside. Twenty years ago a number of men formed the Midland Reafforesting Association, and spent a great deal of money in planting trees on the slag heaps.

It was found that, when carefully selected the trees would flourish even in these unpromising surroundings, and so many thousands were bought and planted, and for a time it looked as if the desert would once more blossom as the rose and the ugly Black Country become a place of beauty.

But that dream is now threatened. The people of Staffordshire—especially the boys and youths, it is said—will not allow their land to be made beautiful. Apparently they are determined that it shall remain ugly for ever. *The Midland Reafforesting Association has just announced that it has decided to put an end to its existence because all its efforts are vain.*

#### Wanton Damage

The destructive and undisciplined youth of the district, the Association explains, have wantonly damaged the plantations, and in many cases completely destroyed them. In one place, where three thousand trees were planted, only one or two remain.

It is a terrible thing if this is true. It is a thousand pities to think that a generation should be growing up that can love ugliness and hate beauty. If the Association had been allowed to go on with its work the whole face of the Black Country might in a few years have been changed. As it is, it must evidently continue to be a blot on the fair face of England. There is dire need for missionaries in this part of the countryside, and we earnestly hope some good readers of the C.N. will begin a great crusade.

## BOLSHEVIKS AND THE BIBLE

### Keeping it Out of Russia

A reader of the C.N., referring to a statement in our columns that "the Bolsheviks have stopped the import of Bibles into Russia," quotes an interview with the Rev. S. Prokhanoff, who said: "The Soviet Government had given the Baptist Unions permission to import Bibles, New Testaments, and hymn-books, and also authorised them to print Bibles in Russia itself, and to the best of his belief other religious bodies enjoyed the same rights."

Wishing to know the facts on this subject the C.N. has made inquiries at the headquarters of the Bible Society, which supplies Bibles in all languages to all the world. Its experience is contained in its report last May, which says:

"We have to report that the importation of the Scriptures into the Soviet Republics, from Petrograd to Vladivostok, is still forbidden. The Society has inquired from the Russian Chargé d'Affaires in London whether it would be allowed to print Bibles in Russia; the letter has been courteously acknowledged, but a final reply has not yet come to hand. All endeavours to gain an entrance into Russia have failed. We hear of Siberian peasants who would willingly give a cow for a Bible."

This, the C.N. is informed, is the very last word on the subject, and the situation remains exactly as here set out.

## A NEW INDUSTRY FOR WALES



The Scottish lassies knit while waiting for the fish



Carrying the tubs of fish to be packed in barrels



A group of girls busily engaged at the herring tubs

The packing of herrings in barrels for export has always been a great industry of the East coast, the Scottish fisher girls following the herrings down the coast as they migrated south as far as Lowestoft. Now herrings have been carried round to Holyhead and the Scottish lassies have gone there. Here we see pictures of what is a new industry in Wales

## NIGERIA

### A STORY OF THE FLAG IN AFRICA

#### Carrying Civilisation Forward on the Niger

#### A GREAT COLONY GROWING UP

It is wonderful to think that it is still less than half a century since a beginning was made by Sir George Goldie, who has just died, with the building up of what is now the great British Colony of Nigeria.

Nigeria covers 336,000 square miles and has not far short of twenty million people. It reaches from the coast to the confines of the Sahara and Lake Chad, and everywhere there is peace and good government, partly under British residents and partly under native chiefs. Everywhere, also, are schools, some under the Government, some under Christian societies, and some under Mohammedans. The children attending them run into millions.

#### Wars of Native Chiefs

When Sir George Goldie made his first trip from the coast in 1877 there was no government at all in Nigeria. There was constant warfare among the native chiefs, and traders ran constant risk of attack. The Englishman got the traders to combine and buy out their French rivals and make treaties with the chiefs, and after nine years his company was granted a charter and became the Royal Niger Company, with power to rule as well as trade.

Not only did these pioneers beat both Germans and French in trading, but by constantly extending their treaties with the native chiefs they again and again pegged out new claims to territory. One celebrated journey by Captain Lugard was across Borgu, a land whose chief used to boast that no white man had ever left it alive! Captain Lugard got his treaty made only a few days before the French Captain Decocur arrived on the same errand. The frontier of French Dahomey still runs close by.

#### Germans Too Late

Prince Bismarck, the Kaiser's celebrated Chancellor, was a determined supporter of German efforts to get a foothold in these regions, and he gave the German traders every possible help, but Goldie and his colleagues were first every time, and when the time came for agreeing on African boundaries Bismarck had to admit the claim of Britain to effective occupation of Nigeria.

At last the territory became too big and the responsibilities of its defence and development too heavy for a company of traders, and the government was taken over by Britain on the first day of 1900. Six years later Lagos was joined up with it, and after the war a strip of the German Cameroons, "round the corner" of the Gulf of Guinea, was put under the Nigerian Government by mandate from the League of Nations.

#### Slavery Abolished

There is a steadily growing trade, chiefly in palm oil and kernels, and also in rubber and in ivory, skins, cocoa, cotton, live stock, and minerals. In all these directions there are great developments ahead.

Much care has been taken to prevent the exploitation of the natives. They are their own farmers and miners and traders. Slavery is steadily disappearing. All children born after the establishment of the Protectorate were declared free and the sale of existing slaves was forbidden. Slavery was formally abolished in 1917, but it has taken time to suppress it in the remoter regions.



## HOW A MAN RUNS THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE OF A RACE

Turning Oxygen Into Running Energy

### DOES RACING IMPROVE HORSES?

How fast can a man run? How long can he keep it up?

Dr. A. V. Hill has been answering some of these things in speaking to the physiologists at the British Association, but he was careful not to fall into the trap that lay in wait for the late Professor Tait, who computed mathematically how far a golf ball could be hit, only to find his own son driving one still farther!

Dr. Hill's way of answering how fast a man can run was like that of the man who, when asked how much a camel could carry, replied: "Everything but the last straw." A man can run just as fast as his oxygen supply will let him, and just as far as his reserves of oxygen will last. A more commonplace way of putting it is that he can go on till fatigue overtakes him. It may be the fatigue due to short, sharp, violent effort, or the fatigue due to exhaustion when an effort is kept up for a long time.

#### A Reserve of Energy

When a man begins to run his slow breathing-in of a small amount of oxygen rises to a rapid intake of a big quantity, which measures in a way the violence of the exertion. The faster the running the more the intake. The body uses up this oxygen to get the work done. A quart of oxygen thoroughly used up provides energy enough to raise a ton about seven feet in the air. But, though the body is very quick about turning this oxygen into running energy, it also keeps a sort of banking account of energy on which the runner can draw. When he has presented an overdraft at his oxygen bank he can run no longer.

That, in a rough kind of way, is what Dr. Hill told the physiologists at Southampton, and we need not follow him more closely into his theories, but may add a few of the facts which support them. For example, Dr. Hill can calculate how many pints of oxygen a man must take in a minute to run so many yards a second. In running at the rate of eight yards a second he wants about ten quarts of oxygen a minute.

#### How to Win a Race

One of the several curious things which come out of these calculations is that there is for every distance a speed which cannot be surpassed. Another is that in every race, if the runner wants to break a record, it is best to run the whole length of the race at the same pace. A third is that a horse appears to be able to run faster than it ever actually does. It cannot be made to run itself right out, to exhaust itself as a man does.

A rather odd thing which Dr. Hill found in examining horse-race records was that the horses of 150 years ago could run just as fast as their modern successors, which seems to show that horse-racing has not much improved the breed. The stock, defence of the supporters of the turf is that it improves our breed of horses, but it is likely that there is no scientific support for this theory.

## THE MAGIC SWITCH

### Saving Half an Hour a Day

A simple switch has just been installed at a large cotton mill by the General Electric Company which "turns on" ten thousand electric motors or stops them. These are the motors working the looms. At a touch of the magic switch the entire factory ceases work, and a saving of half an hour a day has been effected.

## A VERY OLD HEAP OF RUBBISH

Fragments of a Vanished Age

### RARE DISCOVERY IN UKRAINE

Quite recently a professor has discovered at the village of Hontzi, midway between Poltava and Kiev, on the banks of the River Oudie, a remarkable site where prehistoric man lived.

At a depth of about eight feet from the surface, under wind-blown material known as loess, he has unearthed a large space of about 27 square yards, consisting of an outer edging of large mammoth bones placed on end so as to form a sort of protecting wall for a mass of smaller bones of several animals, together with flint and a few bone implements and ashes, the whole being covered in the middle by some heavy bones as if to prevent the wind from scattering them.

The professor regards this place as a prehistoric rubbish heap, where bones and ashes were thrown, but nothing like it has ever before been found.

No less than 27 skulls of the mammoth were discovered; also 30 shoulder-blades and 30 tusks. With these occurred a number of implements made from ivory and antlers of reindeer.

There would seem no doubt that this Ukrainian find must be about 30,000 years old, and it shows that man was more advanced in prehistoric times than has generally been supposed.

## TYNDALE'S BIBLE

### 21 Early Editions

A Derbyshire reader, referring to a mention in the C.N. of the high value of the earliest edition of William Tyndale's Bible, sends us a description of an early edition of that Bible which he has.

It is a small folio copy, printed in 1549, containing the whole of the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and part of the New Testament. It is printed in black letter, and contains prologues to each chapter, with notes. At the beginning of the New Testament is a letter headed "William Tindale to the Christian Reader." The book was probably rebound about 150 years ago.

Our correspondent gives a few of Tyndale's verses to show their variation from the Authorised translation.

*The Lord God made unto Adam and his wyfe garments of skynnes and put them on them. (Genesis iii, 21)*

*Henoch lived a godly lyfe, and was no more sene, for Godd tooke hym awaye. (Genesis v, 24)*

*Agrippa saide to Paule, Somewhat thou bringest me in mind for to become a Christian. (Acts xxvi, 28)*

Tyndale's Bible was first printed in 1525-1535. So great was the demand that between 1536 and 1550 no fewer than 21 editions were published in English.

## WHY NOT FILM WEMBLEY?

### And Let the Empire See It

A sign of the widespread interest in Wembley appears in a letter from a New Zealand reader, who says: "We want Wembley. We cannot have the Exhibition here, but we are wondering why we have no Wembley films. Why should we not have official films showing its palaces, halls, and pavilions? We are glad of such photographs as we get, but why should we not have it all in a long evening at the Pictures, making us feel as if we had really been there?"

That is how people are feeling about Wembley on the other side of the world. Is it not a reproach to the stolid people, even in London, who have not thought it worth their while to go?

And could not something also be done, as our correspondent suggests, to take a sight of a good deal of Wembley to those who cannot come to see it?

## A MOSAIC FOR THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM

Will Somebody Else Please Copy?

By Our Art Correspondent

For a long time the C.N. has been speaking sadly about the disfigurement of our great cities by means of electric signs and other vulgarities. Now we can joyfully say a word of praise. A delightful thing has happened. The schools of St. Giles-in-the-Fields have led the way in outside decoration of a charming kind.

A large mosaic picture has been set up on the outer wall where every passer-by, whether loitering or hurrying, can see it. It is a copy of an allegorical picture called Time, Death, and Judgment, by G. F. Watts.

The work is well done, and the figures have that large and lofty air which characterises this artist's work.

It is very fine to think that there are hundreds of children playing about the Bloomsbury and Holborn back streets who, whether they will or no, must get imprinted for ever in their minds those noble, decorative lines.

### A Token of Gratitude

The inscription, which already has a historical air, tells us that the mosaic came from St. Jude's, Whitechapel, where for forty years it was on the outer wall of the church. It was given originally to Canon and Dame Henrietta Barnett, who laboured so long in the East End, as a token of gratitude for their work in opening three art galleries in Whitechapel.

Now, on the demolition of St. Jude's, it has been brought here, to be a symbol and a reminder of lovely things.

We hope the example set by the Rev. Wilfred H. Davies, in bringing the mosaic to St. Giles-in-the-Fields, may lead to other adornments of outside walls. The streets are the whole world to a great many of London's younger population. They are playground, and theatre, and horizon for thousands of eyes, and they should be made beautiful by means of as many objects of art as will stand the effect of the air, rain, and fog of London.

## CURLY'S SALUTE

The Little Man and the Big Boulder

Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchison, who led the Boy Scouts who have been mountaineering in Switzerland, has an amusing little story to tell about Curly, who is the wag of the troop.

The party were stumbling down a slope one day, when a boulder weighing about a ton became dislodged and bounded after them. Colonel Hutchison shouted to warn Curly, who was below him, but the boy just stared at the boulder, which looked as if it were going to fall on top of him.

It was, in fact, a close shave, for the boulder shivered the ice-axe in his hand into pieces as it whizzed by. Curly, however, did not move an inch, and merely took off his hat to salute the boulder as it passed him.

## A GREAT BAT

### For a Great Cause

The famous bat with which Hobbs made his record centuries has been sold for one of the most beautiful acts of charity ever thought out by a newspaper, the Wireless Fund organised by the Daily News for installing wireless sets in hospitals. Already several hospitals have been equipped and it is hoped the movement may spread until the music of the world is brought into every hospital, to reach every sick bed.

Every kind heart must be moved by this application of the words, "I was sick and ye visited me."

## ITALY REMEMBERS MILTON

A Memorial in the Place He Loved

### A GREAT HEIGHT AT VALLOMBROSA

Italy, the land honoured by so many English poets, has just paid tribute to the glory of John Milton by setting up a tablet to his memory in Vallombrosa, which he loved so well and immortalised in *Paradise Lost*, where he speaks of something as "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa."

To the youthful poet of thirty, making his first journey abroad to what was then the centre of light and learning, the Shady Valley of the Apennines, 15 miles from Florence, must have been beautiful indeed.

He stayed at the monastery of the Benedictine monks, and amid the woods above that place a tablet has been set up with this inscription:

*In 1638 there sojourned here the great English poet John Milton, a student of our classics, devoted to our civilisation, a lover of this forest and of these skies. August 30, 1925.*

### Where Milton Rested

The monastery was founded in 1038, and the old building was still standing when Milton called there to rest. In 1673 the old place was pulled down, and on its site was set up the present magnificent building, from which the monks were expelled in 1869, when the sanctuary was turned into a Government School of Forestry.

In 1673 the monks also built a smaller, more remote, retreat high up in the woods above, which they called *Paradisino*. From these woods Milton could see the rich valley of the Arno, with Florence and the country round, and here he was inspired with the sights and sounds and perfumes of Nature in her rarest aspect.

## MUSIC ACROSS THE WORLD

From Surrey Hills to New Zealand

Whoever could have imagined when the gramophone was invented that its voice would reach across the world?

Some sailors in an American warship lying in Wellington Harbour, New Zealand, listened the other day to a gramophone playing in a house at Caterham Hill, Surrey. The operator at Caterham, who was transmitting telegraphy, was asked by the operator on the ship to switch over to telephony, and he then put on several records, the music being heard by the Americans fourteen thousand miles away.

## QUICKSANDS

### A Note from Aberdovey

A good friend of the C.N. at Aberdovey writes to tell us that there is no question of the Boy Scouts who were drowned there some weeks ago having lost their lives through the action of a quicksand, as was reported at the time.

The beautiful sandy strip of Welsh coast facing Cardigan Bay is quite safe from quicksands, our correspondent says, though, of course, there are in places strong and dangerous currents at the mouths of the rivers. Shifting sands are, of course, terribly dangerous, but most of those on the British coasts are well known, and can easily be avoided.

### AN INSECT ZOO

A wonderful new zoo has been opened near New York.

It is the world's first Insect Zoo, in which forty acres are devoted to showing the public the wonders of insect life. Before long this remarkable institution will contain over five thousand insects.



The bonds were met at the Croydon Aerodrome by a Bank of England motor-van, with an armed guard inside, and extra police watched over it. The bonds were counted the next day in the presence of German officials who had flown over with them.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 12 1925

## What a Lovely Thing Kindness Is

THERE is a lady who loves the C.N. and flowers and calm skies and all beautiful things, yet cannot see them because she is nearly blind and has to look through other people's eyes; but she is very courageous and wants to trouble those other eyes as little as possible.

In order to do this she goes a little walk by herself every day. It is a path she has found out that goes in and out among the blocks of houses, and so lies that she need not step off the kerb once. Day after day she takes this walk, and smells all the nice things in the gardens, and hears all kinds of things that people with sharp eyes never hear.

It never occurred to her that other people saw her. How could she know that in more than one house a boy or a girl said, "Look mother, there's the lady."

Sometimes she walked a little more slowly; and then those who noted her passing by felt sorry.

One day she was taking her walk as usual when she saw, very dimly, a girlish figure in a white cap and apron standing at the corner. She looked as if she was waiting for someone. The lady was passing by when she became aware the maid was walking toward her. Then she heard a kind voice say:

"Good-morning. I just wanted to tell you to be very careful, going down there. You know where the tree in that garden overhangs the path? The boys have been lopping the branches, and they've left one half-down on the path. I thought you might not see it, and I thought I'd just tell you." Before the other could say anything the busy little figure had darted off.

The lady went on with a swelling heart and tears in her eyes, thinking how beautiful human kindness is, and how wonderful sympathy is, and how it comes up like flowers in unexpected places.

Soon she came to the garden where the boys had been busy, and sure enough, there was a branch lying low across the path. It was shady just there under the tree, and the lady might quite easily have had an unpleasant fall. She stepped carefully over the barrier, still hearing the kind words of warning.

The day was brighter for her because of that loving thought of somebody she does not know; she had one more flower of kindness that will never die, offered by an unknown hand. The world takes no notice of those who are hale and hearty; it leaves them to rush on and fend for themselves. But as soon as someone falters by the way there is a hand outstretched. It is a lovely world, in spite of all.



## St. Augustine

SAINT AUGUSTINE laughed at those who believed in the Antipodes. Now we laugh at Saint Augustine who did not believe in them.

## The Next Step with the Litter Throwers

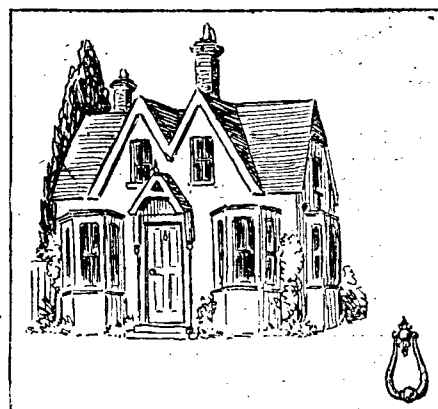
ALL lovers of beautiful things rejoice to see the continued prosecutions of the Litter Throwers. *Who will be the first person summoned for throwing a bus ticket in the streets?*

## Two Assets of the Flag

WE are sorry to see that our good friend *Punch* still speaks of niggers. We do not speak of Americans as Yanks, or Japanese as Japs; then why is a Negro to be a nigger?

The goodwill of the Negro race is as great an asset to the British Empire as the good humour of *Punch*, and for our part we hope to keep both as long as the flag flies.

## The House and the Door Knocker



The question of paying for the war is still the question of the day, eleven years after the war began. It is well to remember that, in some countries, the money which would have bought this house before the war, would be just enough, when the war was over, to buy the knocker on the door.

## A Few Words From the Lord Mayor

WE do not think we have read a neater rebuke from the seat of justice than that of the Lord Mayor of Norwich to a snob who wrote an absurd and slovenly letter to the court after breaking the law.

Being a baronet's son he should be treated with greater dignity, the young man thought, and so, in 250 words of very bad English, he wrote to the chief constable.

Whereupon the Lord Mayor delivered himself of these few words of appropriate dignity:

*It is a storm in a teacup. I am really sorry for the man who writes such a letter as this. In a few years he will be dust, as we all will; and this nonsense is very touching.*

It behoves us all to remember that we are here for a little while, on our way to Eternity.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Things That Might be Taxed

WE like the suggestion that a tax should be put on all houses without numbers in streets. The postman would be pleased and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be more than pleased.

And why not electric signs, and all signs as big and hideous as some of those in Holborn?

Perhaps our readers will send us in ideas of things that might be taxed.

## Tip-Cat

A GRIMSBY chemist has invented a method of recharging the brain with electricity. So anyone can have a thunder and lightning brain-storm.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if smoking will be allowed at the coming conference of the Smoke Abatement League.

A BUTE skate was found to have swallowed a pocket-knife. When it discovered its mistake it felt terribly cut up.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE complains that the Government sits but never hatches. Why doesn't he give it some good eggexamples?

WHY do people shake hands? It is so much easier than shaking feet.

CHANGE is the secret of a successful holiday. And it is a secret no holiday-maker can keep.

A WAITER was flung from the window of a New York hotel by guests who thought he had overcharged them. Well, he put them out first.

"BACK to 1825 on the Southern Railway," we read. But surely that is old news?

IF we all lived on potatoes, says Dean Inge, our trade would expand. But we should not have much of a spread.

SOME people seem to think politics nothing but a game. A bawl game.

HITCH is retiring from the Surrey Cricket Club. And the club will continue playing without a hitch.

## Kossuth of Hungary

Born September 16, 1802

I Kossuth am: O Future, thou That clear'st the just and blott'st the vile,  
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,  
Remembering what I was ere-while.

I WAS the chosen trump where through  
Our God sent forth awaken-  
ing breath;  
Came chains? Came death?  
The strain He blew  
Sounds on, outliving chains and death. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## That Shining Train

UNSEEN the morning stole away,  
At last we missed it from the day:

Too late pursuit began;  
Hot noon is here, the breeze has died,  
The birds are mute, the dew is dried;  
And so youth leaves a man.

O IF you meet my stolen hours  
You'll know them by their  
crowns of flowers,  
Their banners bright as dawn;  
Their music that's unearthly sweet,  
And by their magic, winged feet  
That never print the lawn.

O IF you meet that shining train  
Entreat them to return again  
And my lost dreams restore.  
Entreat them! Yet at heart I fear  
That music I shall never hear,  
No never, never more. J. B.

## The Little Bed

By Our Country Girl

ONCE toys are put away, and the tiresome business of undressing and bathing is over, there is something rather pleasant about bed. You stretch your limbs in the cool, fragrant sheets of summer, or you huddle under the heavy clothes of winter, and begin your adventures in the pleasant land of counterpane. Perhaps, like Eugene Field, you pretend that your bed is a magical train, rushing railless through the star country till it comes to the delectable land of Shut-Eye, where the sugar-plum trees are as common as apple trees in England. Perhaps, like Robert Louis Stevenson's, it is a boat putting off on seas infested with pirates and dotted with gorgeous islands. Assuredly bed is a good place.

## What She Remembered

These thoughts are brought by a child's letter, written after a fortnight's stay by the sea. What do you think stood out in her memory as the best thing about that wonderful time? The surf, the games on the sand, the picnics, the wild flowers?

None of these; the letter ran: "Thank you very much for looking after me. I enjoyed myself all the time. I hope I can come again some day. I miss my bed very much. It was so nice and comfortable all to myself."

That little girl was one of the eight thousand slum children sent to the seaside by the Shaftesbury Society. At home she probably sleeps not only with brothers and sisters on either side of her, but with somebody along the foot of the bed, too.

O, you whose parents are luckier, or thriftier, or more unselfish than hers, be grateful for a good bed!

## The Heaviest Burdens

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

DR. JOHNSON



## SURPRISE ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK

### MEETING OF TWO BROTHERS

Dramatic Adventures in Peace and in War

#### A SCOUT STORY

The Middlesex Scouts who have just had a climbing holiday in Switzerland met with all sorts of thrilling adventures, but through their leader Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Hutchison they experienced something which had nothing to do with glaciers and storms and will be remembered by them for a long time.

Once Colonel Hutchison decided to camp for the night on a little ledge on the mountain side.

Dawn came, mysterious and beautiful. The company on the ledge had a scratch breakfast and talked over their plans.

#### A Voice from the High Rocks

It seemed wisest to Colonel Hutchison to go down to the end of the glacier and find a path there. Just as they were about to abandon that search and go back the way they came, voices called them from a high rock. Two smugglers were up there who thought it was time to lend a hand. As already described in the C.N., they showed the party a difficult neck-or-nothing path which led them into the pass they wanted. They evidently thought the boys were capable, for at one part the track skirted a precipice of about two thousand feet.

The Kinghall Scouts will remember that, as they will remember climbing the Breithorn in a blizzard. It was then that they experienced a dramatic moment. The eighteen lads with their leader and master, had topped one of the heights of the Breithorn. They seemed to be in the most inaccessible place in the world, alone with the peaks and the bitter cold and the sky.

#### The Meeting on the Peak

Suddenly a man appeared, another mountaineer. The lads stared at him in intense curiosity as men do when they meet fellow travellers in the loneliest places in the world. As they looked, there was a joyous shout from Colonel Hutchison, and the next thing they saw was two men shaking hands; the Colonel and the stranger were talking and laughing excitedly, for who should the newcomer be but the Colonel's twin brother, of whose whereabouts he was absolutely ignorant!

This dramatic meeting on a remote peak seemed to the Scouts another example of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It has reminded us of a story we told thirteen years ago, when Europe was watching the Balkan nations fighting Turkey.

#### A Surprise at Dawn

The correspondent to the Daily Telegraph in those days, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, had just watched the battle of Lule Burgas, a terrible tale of slaughter and disaster. Darkness came down on the stricken place, and Mr. Bartlett with his companion Ismed were left on a high mound with nothing around but wounded people and burning villages.

Sitting there, half-asleep in the village street, in the semi-darkness of dawn, Mr. Bartlett suddenly heard his name called and the sound of horses' feet. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared; and to his speechless amazement he saw his own brother! There were several men with him and they were escorting a country cart stocked with supplies. The party had taken the wrong road in making for Lule Burgas and had wandered by accident into the village of Sakizkoy, there to come upon the brother of one of its members, who had not the slightest idea of the whereabouts of the other.

## A MAN OF GREAT COURAGE

THERE can be few more amazing stories of courage than the splendid life of William Burns, an armless man who lived at Morebottle, in Roxburghshire, and has lately passed away.

When a child of seven, Mr. Burns had both his arms taken off at the shoulder through a fall in front of a reaping machine, yet he has just died at seventy after a busy and useful life, spent almost as actively as if he had had the use of his limbs.

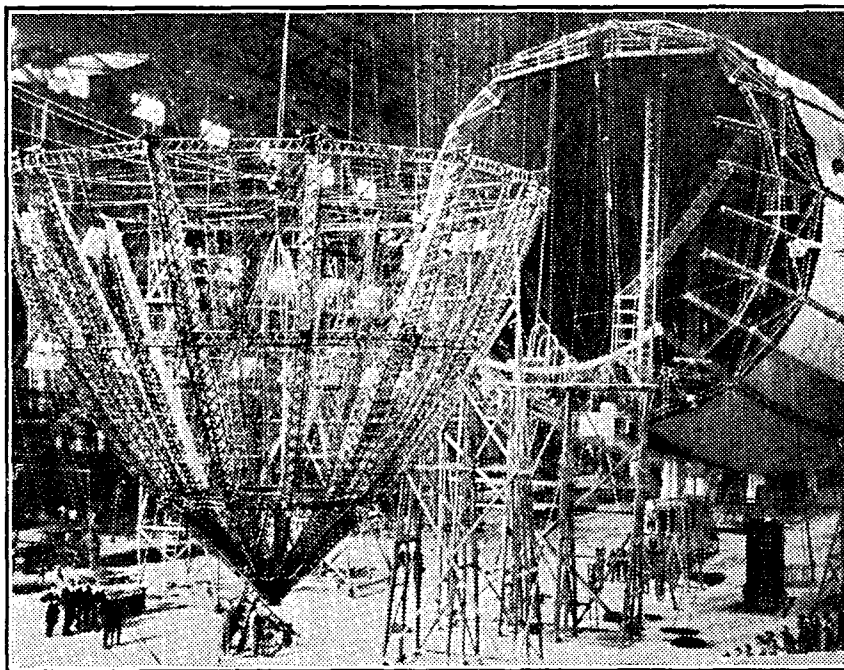
He used every possible device to overcome his handicap. He could write

with ease and clearness, using his teeth or his toes as suited him best. With the aid of an ingenious contrivance he even managed to shave himself. For over thirty years he was precentor at the church, using another device for turning over the leaves of his book.

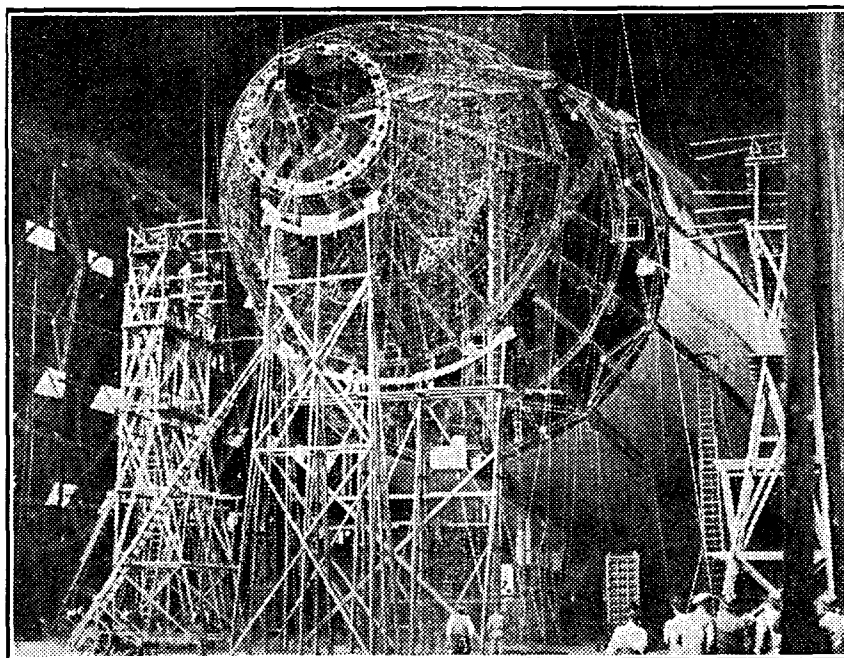
He managed his business with success, and for pleasure he went trout-fishing. He could fish by himself, but the baiting of his hook was one of the few things in which he needed help.

It is impossible not to feel a thrill of admiration in reading a story like this.

## R 33 GETS A NEW NOSE



The new nose about to be hauled into position



The new nose in position waiting to be riveted

The R 33, which some time ago broke away from her mooring-mast at Pulham, has now been fitted with a new nose, which was built separately and then swung into position by means of pulleys, as shown in these pictures

## TOBY OF SELBY COMMON

ANY parents with little children would be glad to have a dog like Toby the whippet, for Toby, being a Yorkshire dog, has the wit and grit to protect his young friends from danger.

Everyone knew that Toby was a good dog, but the other day he did something which won him a place in the affections of the people round Selby Common.

A workman coming home across the fields one evening suddenly found a whippet tugging at his trousers. He had such an urgent and imploring look that the man patted him, and asked him what was the matter.

In reply Toby bounded off across the field, and, feeling that something unusual had happened, the man went out of his way to follow him. After a quarter

of a mile they came to a muddy pond, at which Toby pointed his nose and began to whine dismally. In the middle of the pond was a little girl, so buried in mud that she could not stir.

Toby had evidently been trying to rescue his mistress, as her clothes had been torn nearly to pieces by the pulling of his sharp teeth. But, of course, being such a little dog, he had quite failed to move her.

The man soon had the little girl out of danger, and took her home to her parents, who had been searching for her anxiously. Naturally, they made a great fuss of Toby, for he had undoubtedly saved their child's life. Toby will be the proudest dog on Selby Common for the rest of his days.

## MR. GANDHI TALKS TO THE MISSIONARIES

### WHY HE IS NOT A CHRISTIAN

Frank Advice About Hymns and Sermons

#### A CAMBRIDGE MAN'S WORK

Mr. Gandhi, the Indian leader, has been telling a conference of missionaries in Calcutta why he has not become a Christian, while he also suggested why the missionaries have not made more progress in India.

"My association with Christians," he told his audience, "dates from 1889, when, as a lad, I found myself in London, and that association has grown riper as years have rolled on. In South Africa, where I found myself in the midst of inhospitable surroundings, I was able to make hundreds of Christian friends. I was able to tell them that every day a heartfelt prayer within closed doors goes to the Almighty to show me the light and to give me the wisdom and courage to follow that light."

#### A Spiritual Pilgrimage

He prizes the Sermon on the Mount as deeply as life itself, Mr. Gandhi says, and yet for him Hinduism entirely satisfies his soul, and when he needs solace in times of depression he turns to the great Hindu scripture, the Bhavad-Gita.

It was with earnest pathos that he ended the story of his spiritual pilgrimage with these words: "I have told you this thing in order to make absolutely clear to you where I stand, so that you may have, if you will, a closer hand-grip with me, knowing that here is a man who has approached Christianity with prayerfulness, with humility, and fear of none but God."

Mr. Gandhi also felt that he had to "tell the truth in love" to his missionary friends. He said that they had largely failed because they had come to India influenced by the line of the hymn, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." They did not realise how, among the outcasts and Brahmins alike, there were men who were the noblest specimens of humanity. They must be willing to come to India not only to give but to take something which India could teach them.

#### Find the Man

Mr. Gandhi implored his friends to get down more among the people and to find the Man in the Indian. As an example he put forward the life and work of Mr. C. F. Andrews, the Cambridge man who, after doing social work in Walworth, has gone to India and identified himself so completely with Indian life that, when the Indians recently wanted to send a deputation of their countrymen to this country in connection with the treatment of some of their fellow Indians in East Africa, they begged Mr. Andrews to be one of the deputation. Mr. Andrews is a close friend of Mr. Gandhi and the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

## HALL OF WEEKS AND DAYS

### Place Where Cromwell Slept

A Nottingham correspondent reminds us that Wollaton Hall, which the town has just bought for the people, has 52 rooms to represent the number of weeks in the year, and 365 windows to represent the number of the days. Its park is twice the size of Hyde Park.

It was here that Cromwell stayed after the Battle of Naseby, and here that the housekeeper found him on his knees in prayer in full armour.



## THE TRAVELLING SCOUTS

### A Run to Switzerland A JOLLY TIME ON THE TOPS OF THE WORLD

By One of Them

Lord Kinnaird's Scout Troop of the Central London Y.M.C.A. have just spent a holiday in Switzerland, and one of the Scouts sends us these notes of the trip.

Finding that our camp funds would permit us to travel abroad, we decided on Switzerland as our destination, and one August morning found us in Paris on the way to Berne.

Marching to the Arc de Triomphe, we laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior, with a message from the Scouts of London, and proceeded to see the sights of Paris, which caused us no small amount of wonder.

#### A City of 2000 Boys

We reached Berne the next morning, having had our sleep broken in the night by the Customs officials, who dismissed us with a kindly nod. Here we were met by Swiss Scouts, who greeted us with loud cheers. Though few of them could speak our language, it did not require words to understand their pleasure in seeing us. We were escorted through the cobbled streets of Berne to the Jamboree Camp, a city of 2000 boys from the 22 cantons of Switzerland.

Here we spent two jolly days making friends of the Swiss Scouts, who invited us into their camps in turn. Once, at a great camp-fire attended by hundreds of Swiss people, we gave a display of Old English Folk Dancing which seemed to delight the onlookers.

The time for leaving came all too soon, and three hours' train journey brought us to Kandersteg, a picturesque Swiss village 4000 feet up in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, which was to be our headquarters for a week. Our home was the International Scout Chalet built for the accommodation of the Scouts of all the world. It is in beautiful surroundings in the shade of sweeping pine-clad slopes, skirted by two mountain torrents.

#### The Man from Mount Everest

Having had our boots nailed up, and provided ourselves with alpine sticks, excursions were arranged every day into the mountains. Ascending in brilliant sunshine we would often descend in a cloud, and the experience was not without its tense moments. General Bruce of the Mount Everest expedition, who happened to be in Kandersteg, gave us a most interesting talk on mountain climbing, and received a hearty reception at the Chalet.

It was with many regrets that we said good-bye to Kandersteg and journeyed on to Geneva, stopping on the way to have a glimpse of the Castle of Chillon. We were fortunate enough to visit the headquarters of the League of Nations.

We arrived home again feeling tired but very happy, filled with fond recollections of beautiful Switzerland and our Swiss brothers, whom we hope to see in London next year.

## LIBERTY

### The Rabbit's Way to It

A Surrey reader sends us an observation of animal life which shows how instinctive is the love of liberty in all wild creatures.

A little wild rabbit was found in a wood and taken home by the people who found it. They placed it in a wired-in enclosure, and it became very happy with its new friends.

One day another rabbit came to the garden and made friends with the one that had been tamed. For several days the stranger appeared about the place. Then the tame rabbit could not be found, and neither of them was seen again. But there was a hole inside the enclosure and another outside a little distance away. The rabbit's instinct for burrowing had given it its freedom.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Last year Palestine received nearly twelve thousand Jews as immigrants.

An L.N.E.R. express, weighing 354 tons, recently travelled at 74 miles an hour between Grantham and Newark.

A musical chair competition at Hillingdon was won by a competitor who was over eighty.

China has now 800 native-language dailies, but only about half a dozen of these can be called newspapers.

#### Milk from Coast to Coast

Fresh milk can be sent by aeroplane from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast in America without turning sour.

#### A Charabanc Nuisance

Three men have been fined in Norfolk for trailing paper streamers from charabancs.

#### A Seal Caught by Hand

A baby seal was caught by hand on the beach at Scarborough by a Manchester visitor.

#### The Macs

Nearly fifty names in the passenger list of the White Star liner Majestic the other day began with Mac.

#### Australia's Wonderful Hens

An Australian professor has offered to send to England a hundred fowls that will lay twice as many eggs as British hens.

#### Remarkable Coincidence at Wembley

Five people guessed the exact number of the attendance at Wembley one day not long ago, dividing the £100.

#### 104 and Never Ill

Although she has passed her 104th birthday, Mrs. Ann Frost, of Northamptonshire, has never had an illness.

#### How to Stop a Fight

When a fight developed in a Berlin inn the other day the manager fetched a hive of bees and dispersed the crowd.

#### An Aeroplane Ambulance

A big New York hospital has installed an aeroplane ambulance service. The hospital roof has been turned into a landing stage.

#### Lincoln Cathedral Fund

The fund for the repair of Lincoln's famous cathedral has reached nearly £40,000, apart from money contributed from America.

#### The Peril of Pillion Riding

The police committee of the Association of Municipal Corporations urges legislation which would make pillion riding illegal.

#### Cross From Nelson's Flagship

An oak cross made from a beam of Nelson's flagship has been placed on the grave of Admiral Sturdee in Frimley churchyard.

#### Sulgrave and New York

A stone from Washington's ancestral home at Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, is to be placed in New York's new cathedral.

#### A Shepherd's Success

For having reared 120 lambs from 71 ewes Mr. H. W. Fowler has been awarded the Tring Agricultural Society's first prize for shepherds.

#### A Tall Chimney

A chimney 16 feet higher than Nelson's column has been built at Harrow without bricks. It is a huge tube of reinforced concrete.

#### Birds at Church

Two swallows with their nest inside the parish church at Pirbright, Surrey, were so tame that they would fly about the church during service.

#### 57 Years at One Colliery

After 57 years Mr. A. Wragg has retired from the checkweighmanship at West Kington Park Colliery, a record for the Derbyshire coalfield.

#### A Good Egg

On a very hot day in Washington recently a newspaper reporter actually fried an egg on the pavement. After nine minutes it was perfectly done.

#### One Month at Grimsby

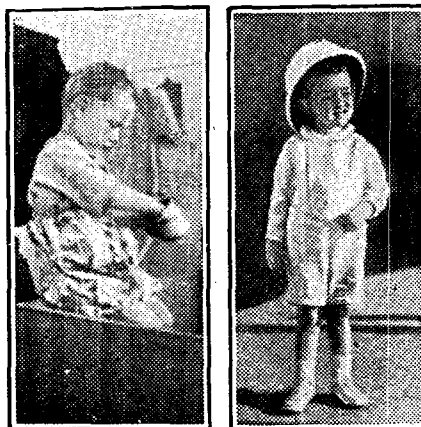
During the last month the L.N.E.R. has despatched from Grimsby over 18,000 tons of fish in 425,000 packages, needing six thousand vans to carry them.

## A BOY'S TRAVELS ABOUT THE WORLD

### Thirty Thousand Miles at Three Years Old

Peter Rigby, of Chigwell Row, Essex, who recently turned three years old, is a lucky little fellow who may well be envied by all children, and even by grown-ups, for, starting with his parents last January, he had, by the middle of June, been nearly thirty thousand miles, and had sailed round the world, in excellent health all the while.

Our readers will be interested in tracing his journey on the map. First he went, by the Balmoral Castle, from Southampton to Madeira. There he transferred to the Franconia, being the only child on board, and saw Gibraltar, Nice, Naples, Pompeii, Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, Bombay, Colombo, Kandy, and Calcutta. Continuing through the East Indies, visits were made to Padang in Sumatra, Batavia in Java, Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Peking, Kobe, Yokohama, and Tokio. Then the Pacific was crossed to Honolulu and San Francisco. After passing



Peter Rigby on his way round the world

through the Panama Canal, Havana was visited and New York was reached. Then the Atlantic was crossed to Liverpool.

Peter has thus been in twelve countries, or their possessions. Some of the natives of the places he visited had not seen a white child before, and were greatly interested in him. All the way round, his parents say, they received the C.N., and were struck by the number of articles in it that referred to places on the way.

Though he is so young he looks lively enough in his photographs to remember a good deal about his voyaging; and we hope Peter will grow up to see happier times for the world of which he has seen so much.

## C.N. HELPERS

### A Note of Thanks

We wish to thank readers in many parts of the world who help us by sending clippings from local newspapers containing stories of deep and tender human interest.

Such spontaneous goodwill is most cordially appreciated. Any reader in outlying regions who welcomes the C.N. as a friend can in return be its friend by sending us the material for some story which all other readers would be glad to know.

We are always pleased to receive records from life which have interested our readers, and it is a pleasure to send round the world some deed of heroism, or some touch of humanity, for which our grown-up newspapers have not room. The C.N. lives to show how good and fine a thing life is, and all its readers can help the Editor by passing on the good things they read in local papers far away.

## WHY THINGS ARE SLOW ON THE DANUBE

### The League Looks Into It SEVEN STATES OBSTRUCTING EACH OTHER

The great Danube river, flowing through half the countries of Central Europe, should be a great uniter of men.

On its waters are the ships of navigation companies from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, France, and Holland. Yet the traffic is little more than half what it was before the war. How is it?

The League of Nations has been conducting an investigation through an American Commissioner, who reports that the chief reason is the economic depression throughout Europe, but adds that this is aggravated on the Danube by the break up of the great free-trade area represented by the Austrian Empire, now cut up by the tariff barriers of seven States. These nations are divided by tariffs, and the Danube is forbidden to unite them.

The Commissioner urges that treaties should lower these barriers and that united efforts should be made to improve navigation and smooth out the tedious formalities at the seven frontiers which so sadly obstruct the commerce of the nations.

## FRIGHTENING THE CAT How the Swallows Saved Their Nest

Here is a piece of interesting observation of animal life, sent by a reader in Ireland.

In a shed at the end of a small cottage swallows have nested for a number of years. This summer, while holidaying there, we took our two cats with us. The swallows had four youngsters in the nest in the shed, and we took great care the cats did not get in to disturb them. The door was kept shut, and a hole in the side of the shed, at some distance above the ground, gave the parent birds access to the nest.

One of the cats tried to steal a march on us by climbing a water-barrel below the opening for the swallows. But she had not reckoned with the old birds. As soon as they noticed her they darted and flitted above her in such a menacing way that she lost her nerve and her hold on the edge of the barrel and fell into the water.

The cat was so thoroughly frightened that it afterwards ran into the house whenever the swallows flew near it. When the other cat appeared at any considerable distance from the house the swallows repeated their victory by skimming past it till it, too, ran indoors. We usually think of cats as chasing birds, but here the birds chased the cats.

Before we left, the young swallows were safely out and about, and another set of eggs was in the nest.

## LULWORTH COVE AGAIN War Office Still a Nuisance There

C.N. readers know that the War Office was due long ago to give up the land above Lulworth Cove, which it took for a tank school during the war. A judge of the High Court declared last year that it could stay no longer. Yet it is still there.

The War Office has talked of reviving some ancient rights of compulsory purchase, but everybody is agreed that the place is quite unsuited for the purpose, and that people must not be denied admission to the Cove, as they are by the flying bullets of the tank guns. Even the War Office seems in two minds whether it is as good a place as it can get, and we hope that Parliament, when it reassembles in the autumn, will see that the evacuation is carried out without delay.



## NEW WEALTH FROM COAL

### An Idea from the Potteries HAVE WE FOUND A WAY OUT OF OUR TROUBLES?

At a time when the country is racked by the threat of dispute over the problem of the coal mines, when the masters say they can make no profit, and the men that they must have a living wage, it is almost incredible that there should be so much waste in the use of this national treasure.

Yet the fact is that we waste half the wealth of our coal, and both masters and men know it. The great heaps of slack that one sees round every mine in England contain in themselves wealth worth millions if it could be used.

The trouble has been that no one has found an efficient process for separating the by-products from the raw coal and utilising what is left in the form of a light and smokeless fuel.

#### Coal Smoke a Waste

Nature is very wise. She has endowed mankind with intelligence in order that man, by using his intelligence, may enjoy the full benefit of her bounty. In the case of coal the great clouds of smoke that disfigure our cities are simply a living proof of bad fuel consumption. For coal smoke is not only a nuisance; it is a waste. Those dark clouds up in the air are so much gold burning away to the disfigurement of the countryside.

Scientists have known for some years that if coal could be carbonised at a low temperature the result would be to separate from coal-slack a smokeless solid fuel on the one hand, and on the other valuable oils and coal-gas. It is true that attempts have been made on an extensive scale to produce these effects by the process known as low-temperature carbonisation, but the machinery was not efficient.

But now a remarkable man named Charles Winsor, famous throughout the Potteries as an inventor of engineering appliances, claims to have made an oven which will do the work of low-temperature carbonisation properly.

#### What Cheap Fuel Means

His coal oven is an adaptation of a pottery oven which he invented some years ago. Its chief feature is the fact that it rotates in a series of jerks, moving the coal-slack on throughout the process of drawing off the various by-products such as tar, oils, and sulphate of ammonia, and capturing the gases that now run to waste. Men of importance in industry and politics have examined Mr. Winsor's claims, and they think he has probably found the right way out.

If so it will mean that the cost of fuel in the home, and gas to run machinery for factories and for such purposes as the lighting and heating of towns, will be a fraction of their present cost, and English manufacturers will be able to compete in low prices with the manufacturers abroad while paying good wages at home.

## THE DINOSAUR

### How Did He Die Out?

For thousands of years the giant lizards called Dinosaurs were monarchs of the world. Nothing so huge (except perhaps the whale) has ever been born. How came it to pass that these great lazy lizards died out? No animal of their time would have dared to attack them, yet long before man appeared they had disappeared off the planet.

Dr. E. Slosson has now made the interesting suggestion that they were attacked in a very mean way by the first mammals, little cat-like creatures. The dinosaurs laid eggs, and Dr. Slosson suggests that the mammals exterminated them by eating their eggs. He points out that today the little ichneumon fly destroys whole colonies of crocodiles in the same way.

## THE BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW

THOMAS ALVA EDISON. By Francis Arthur Jones. 10s. 6d. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE writer of this book not only has a keen eye for things best worth observing and a vigorous pen, but he has known Thomas Alva Edison well and long at close quarters—in his home and his works. "Tall" stories about Edison have been chasing each other through the American newspapers for half a century. But one has a feeling while reading this book that it tells nothing but the truth.

Edison's story is very remarkable, particularly during his boyhood and the years when he made himself a name in the world. For the last quarter of a century he has been working on from twenty-five to fifty inventions, or improvements, simultaneously every day, passing from one to another. Inventions on that scale become "too numerous to mention"; but the manner in which the founder of the invention system made his way to his great position is far more interesting to read about.

#### The Clever Dull Boy

Thomas Alva Edison, called in his home by his middle name, was regarded in his home, by everybody except his mother, as a rather dull boy. His schoolmaster said it was not worth while for him to stay at school any longer.

Then the laddie's mother, who had herself been a schoolmistress in Canada, whence both the father and mother had come into the United States, called at the school to tell the master that her boy had more brains than he had and that she should teach him herself in future. That she did, and very soon the boy was reading by himself big books of history, such as Gibbon, which many a brainy man shirks.

#### Starting Business

But the feature of this boy which made some people rather shy of him was that he would persist in asking them why anything happened, or why they did it. And if they replied honestly that they didn't know why, he asked them why they didn't know why. He meant to know the why of everything, and in that frame of mind we see the beginning of what Edison became. Anyone who can see the reason why much more clearly and more often than most other people is on the way towards doing what they never will do.

When he was eleven he started business on his own account. The family was living at Port Huron on Lake Huron,

and a railway line ran from there to Detroit, a three-hour journey. It struck Tommy that by taking the 7 o'clock in the morning train and returning by the 4.30 afternoon train from Detroit, getting back at 7.30 p.m., he might do a lively business selling the morning paper, with fruits and sweets, and the evening papers on the return journey, restocking himself with fruits, sweets and papers at Detroit. The company gave him leave and he started this paying newspaper business at the age of eleven.

#### Printing a Newspaper

But young Edison did more than that. He found that on the railway journey between Port Huron and Detroit he picked up much news that was not in the papers, and he had spare time at Detroit. So he learned how to set type and print and fitted himself up with a small printing plant in the train and published his own Weekly Herald, produced wholly by himself and sold with the other papers on the train with a circulation that sometimes reached 700.

From newspaper work to telegraphy was only a short step. He was taught telegraphy by a clerk on the line out of gratitude for saving the life of the clerk's child at the risk of his own. Then he entered the railway service, and lived a wandering life, always readily getting work anywhere because he was the fastest sender or receiver of a message on the line. Telegraphy led him to a closer study of electricity, and electricity led him to invention. His first patent, taken out when he was 21, was an electrical vote recorder. It was, however, too perfect to suit the American politicians of that day. Apparently they did not like a system that could make no mistakes.

#### A Fortune in His Pockets

His first considerable invention, the Universal Stock Printer, was sold by him for 40,000 dollars, and so little did he know what to do with the money that he carried it about in his pockets for two days before he ascertained that the thing to do was to deposit it in a bank.

From telegraphic inventions Edison passed on to the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the electric railway, engineering projects, motion pictures, storage batteries, and inventions without number. A very broad and complete idea of his work, and of the man as a man is given in this interesting and attractive little book.

## FROM BABYLON TO BLOOMSBURY

IN the Assyrian Gallery of the British Museum a tablet is set up which looks dull and grey to all but those who understand the lettering of its strange characters, which send out star-like rays into the forgotten past.

It is an astronomical tablet drawn up by the first astronomers, who set down on it the times of the rising and setting in Mesopotamian skies of that bright planet Venus which we call the Evening Star. When those times were recorded imperishably on the stone the first Kings of Babylon sat on the throne.

How long ago was that? None can quite tell, but, because the rising and setting of the bright planet vary from century to century, astronomers of today could trace back the times and periods and say how many thousands of years ago it was when the astronomers of old made those exact observations.

But till this year it was not possible to tell the exact time by the old tablet.

It was so very old that it was defaced, and many learned men who looked on it did not quite trust it. But last year another tablet was discovered at Kish, eight miles from Babylon, which is like a clock that tells the same time as the first. Dr. Langdon, who has examined it, now says that both clocks are right.

By the aid of the times they tell, another learned man, not only an archaeologist but an astronomer as well (Dr. Fotheringham, of Oxford), has been able to calculate almost to a year when the tablets were inscribed. The linked tablets tell us, almost as certainly as we know the date of the reign of William the Conqueror, the years when Amizaduga, of the First Babylonian Dynasty, lived and died, or when Hammurabi drew up his famous code of laws. And, though they lived nearly 5000 years ago, we may learn from the tablets exactly when Hammurabi took prisoner Lot, the nephew of Abraham.

## URANUS AT HIS NEAREST HOW TO SEE THE GIANT PLANET

### The Heat of a Candle Fifty Miles Away

#### A TWILIGHT WORLD

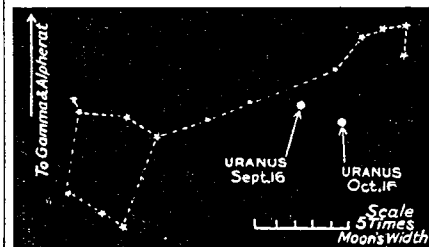
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The far-off world of Uranus is now coming into convenient position for observation, rising almost due east about 7 p.m., and attaining its highest point south at 1 a.m.

This is the most favourable time for seeking this remote planet, for Uranus is also at its nearest to us, being 1,773,500,000 miles away on Wednesday next.

At this vast distance Uranus, notwithstanding its great bulk—about 65 times that of the Earth—appears in a telescope only as a tiny disc, about four seconds of arc wide, about as large as a penny seen a mile away, the Moon appearing 475 times the width of Uranus. It is, therefore, very faint, and only just perceptible to the naked eye on a very dark and clear night, though glasses will reveal it quite easily.

Uranus is worth seeking. It is now south of the Great Square of Pegasus, described in the C.N. a fortnight ago, and forms one of a string of faint stars. These stars are shown in our star map; to find them, draw an imaginary line



Where to find Uranus

southward from Alpherat to Gamma in Pegasus, then continue the line for one and a half times as far again, when the "string of stars" will be found, stretching away to the right, and forming a line about as long as Alpherat is from Gamma.

Glasses will readily show all these stars, together with Uranus, in the position shown. Any uncertainty as to the identification of Uranus may be easily settled by noting on paper the exact position of each point of light in this region; and then again, say, about a month hence, when Uranus will have moved toward the right, to a position about twice the Moon's apparent width from where he is now.

It is interesting to reflect that the light now reaching us from that dim speck left the Sun five hours and ten minutes before. This light, after taking 2 hours and 40 minutes to cross the space of some 1866 millions of miles from the Sun to Uranus, is reflected back to us over the 1773 million miles intervening, covering this distance in 2 hours 30 minutes.

#### Heat from Uranus

Covered with belts of clouds, much as Saturn and Jupiter are, Uranus reflects more than half the light it receives from the Sun, as much as '64 having been measured, so doubtless a portion of its heat is poured down upon us.

Saturn was found to give us about as much heat as we should receive from an ordinary candle 12 miles away, so that from Uranus we should certainly not exceed the heat we should receive from a candle 50 miles away. Though Uranus receives only one-368th part of the sunlight that our Earth receives, it appears to be a world even warmer than our own. Clouds and water vapour suggest humid conditions, so tropical jungles may flourish on Uranus in its twilight. G.F.M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Mercury is in the east. In the evening Venus is in the west; Jupiter south-west; Uranus south-east.



# COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days  
Among the Eskimos

Set down by  
John Halden

## CHAPTER 41 Strange Quarters

THE homes of the Copper Villagers were the most imposing they had yet seen. The skin tents were large and beautifully made, and when our party arrived at the one which had been prepared for them, they were astonished at its size and comfort.

Thick fur rugs covered the floor and the sleeping platform. All around stood lamps of beaten copper filled with oil. Ellen, with a housewife's instinct, looked about for cooking arrangements, but there were none.

"Do they think we are spirits, and go without food?" she exclaimed.

"We'll keep our own Eskimos with us," said Ole decidedly. "There is plenty of room for them to sleep in here this night."

Aluk had brought the aeroplane up close beside the doorway, and tethered the dogs beside it.

"They seem thoroughly cowed," said Christopher over his shoulder, as he motioned his natives in, and waved a forbidding hand at the Copper Villagers.

"These people bad," said the talkative Arnanyak, expressing the opinion of her companions. "Plenty copper. Plenty spears. No hunting. Only kill."

She spoke in English. Aluk and the others grunted.

"Stay with us and you will be safe," said Timothy with a confidence he did not entirely feel.

The Eskimos looked gloomy.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a six-foot, tattooed warrior with his spear.

After bending down to enter, he stood erect and waved his hand ceremoniously toward the door. He said something in his guttural voice.

"Didn't I catch the word food?" said Timothy, expressing the hopes of the others, who were ravenous after their long tramp.

He was answered by the entrance of a long line of Eskimo women, each laden with a filled bowl or platter of adzed stone.

There were delicious caribou ribs, roasted caribou heads, steaming blood soup, succulent marrow from near the hoof, nodules of delicate fat from behind the eyes, all the best parts of the meat according to Eskimo taste.

"Anyway they don't intend to starve us!" said Tom with satisfaction, as the last woman laid down her offering on the light tables that had been brought in, and left, followed by the inscrutable warrior.

Outside, as our party ate, sounded the resumed incantations and spirit drums.

"I guess they're celebrating the return of the gods of their mountain," said Ole, as he finished off a caribou rib.

"Gods with very human appetites, at least," commented Christopher, as he drank his soup from a large hollowed musk-ox horn.

The gloom on the faces of the Eskimos from the west did not lighten at the food.

"These people kill all strangers," said Arnanyak in Eskimo. "My grandmother told me of them when I was a child. Also they kill women. Whenever a girl child is ready to marry, all the men of the village surround her with the great horns of bull caribou in their hands, and each tries to snatch her to him with the prongs of the horn. If she is not killed the man to succeed in getting hold of her takes her to wife."

Christopher nodded. He had heard this tale before, for it is common among the coast Eskimos.

"We won't let that happen to you, Arnanyak," he said easily. "Don't worry."

"They have powerful charms, too," added Aluk.

The Eskimos drew closer to each other and listened apprehensively to the noise of spirit drums outside.

It was indeed a weird sound, but the white people knew they must keep off the fear that all of them were feeling.

"I'm surprised and shocked at you, Aluk," said Thomas. "I thought you had listened to the missionaries who told you not to believe such things. Besides, you know the white man's powerful magic."

"I do know what the missionary says," said Aluk stubbornly. "But we have no missionary here to take care of us, and outside are many powerful shamans."

"Well, I think we'd all better sleep while we can," said Ellen sensibly. "And don't you think, Christopher, we had better save all this food that is left, in case we are not supplied with more tomorrow?"

"A good idea," answered her brother. "We ought to go up into the mountain tomorrow to prospect for copper. We'll take it with us in case of emergency."

Ole nodded his approval of both suggestions, and the party turned in under the sleeping rugs determined to get as much rest as possible before the perhaps arduous experiences of the next day. The sound of the spirit drums and chanting outside continued as long as any of them were awake.

"It sounds rather like rejoicing than anything else, don't you think, Ole?" said Timothy, as he drifted off to sleep.

"Yes," responded the older man. "I wonder exactly what it means. I wish we knew just what that old shaman told them about us."

But the shaman and the other Eskimos from the village behind them had disappeared.

## CHAPTER 42 Off to the Mountain

NEXT morning Christopher, as the most accomplished linguist among them, made a determined effort to find out exactly what their position in this village might be.

They were awakened by the ceremonious entrance of the tall warrior who had ushered in their dinner of the night before. He was followed, as before, by the line of women with food for breakfast. Of this the white people saved all they could not eat to carry with them up the mountain.

"We go today into the mountain," said Christopher, speaking slowly and distinctly in the dialect he had learned.

The man bowed in dignified assent.

"We are honoured by your visit," he said. "We have longed for your return. Too long you have been away."

Christopher, who understood him indistinctly, did not know what to reply.

"It was necessary," he answered at hazard.

The warrior leaned forward eagerly.

"Evil has come to the tribe through your absence," he said. "Perhaps some of our people have secretly broken taboos. All who are discovered shall be punished. Do not go away again."

"Whether we go or stay remains with us," responded Christopher with dignity.

"The shaman from the nearest village, who is great and powerful, though his people are slave people, fit only to hunt the oxen of the plains," continued the warrior, "told us that you came at his call. He promised you would not go away again, but remain in your mountain to bring blessings to us again."

"Oh, he did, did he!" murmured Tom, who had followed something of the conversation. "He's a wily old fox. Ask what he got for that promise, Chris."

"The shaman cannot keep us here against our will," said Christopher gravely, ignoring Tom's interruption. "He brought us, it is true, but whether we remain depends on our own will."

The Eskimos, who had followed this conversation better than their white friends, had covered their heads and were moaning quietly to themselves in the corner.

The boys did not blame them for this show of cowardice. "They are brave as anyone when it comes to facing angry bears or blizzards," they thought. "But our only advantage over them here is that they are superstitious, and we are not. It makes all the difference."

"In any case"—Christopher thought it best to cut this unprofitable conversation short—"give us men to take us, our dogs, and sleeping bird up into the mountain. We go now."

The man indicated with alacrity his willingness to obey. It was obviously exactly what he wished.

A few moments later he looked back through the tent flap.

"Our people have harnessed your great dogs," he said—the dogs the white men had brought being half St. Bernard and half the Eskimo breed, were larger than the natives were used to—"but they will not touch the winged bird. It might wake and fly at them."

"So it might," said Timothy wickedly. "I alone am master of the sleeping bird."

He went out, leaving the others to finish their preparations for departure, and found the aeroplane the centre of a fearful and curious group.

"It is just as well," he thought. "If they started tampering with my petrol tins they might do some damage. What use it is going to be, though, I can't yet see. I wish it were a Zeppelin, with room for ten passengers."

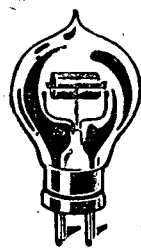
He harnessed the dogs to the battered framework, and brought out Aluk to drive them.

The others followed.

"This may be only a little excursion into the mountain and back again," Ole had said. "But to be on the safe side I would advise everybody to carry the best of their possessions along with them. Everything may turn out all right, but I can't say I see the end of this mix-up yet."

Accordingly everyone was hung about with indispensable as they came from the tent. They were greeted with a murmur of awe.

One woman, bolder than the rest, called out to Ellen:



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"Send me many sons, Copper-haired One!"

Ellen looked toward her with a smile, and others took up the petition.

"Send many hunters from the plain with oxen and caribou to trade for our copper. Let them be cowardly and trade much for little!" boomed a man's deep voice.

"Don't tell me Eskimos have no business instincts!" murmured Tom.

"Make copper to grow up out of the mountain as flowers spring up with the first thaw!" called another.

"Turn all the stones of the mountain into pure copper!"

Thomas and Timothy exchanged a laughing glance.

"I only wish we could!" said the older brother.

"Keep away pestilence and death from the tribe!" It was a woman's voice now. "We have been sorrowful at your absence."

This woman pressed forward, and with many signs of reverence offered Ellen a rough amulet of beaten copper.

The girl shook her head.

"Take it, please, Nellie," said Christopher. "This will have great ethnological value if we can get it home."

"Always the ethnologist," Ellen smiled at her brother, as she accepted the gift. The woman went away highly pleased, and the others, wishing to buy special blessings, too, came forward with more gifts of copper.

"We can never carry them," Ole warned his companions. "We are weighed down with necessities now."

Christopher looked wistfully at the heap of interesting specimens, priceless in a collection, but realised the force of Oleson's argument.

"No more!" he cried, raising his hand.

It was an undiplomatic move. Angry outcries rose from those whose gifts had been slighted.

"These people have an uncertain temper!" remarked Timothy, as he stood impatiently waiting to start.

"Do you think we are your servants to do as you command us?" shouted Ole, stamping his foot, and glaring with half-simulated anger about him.

There was a general shrinking among the crowd, but the warriors did not flinch, but waved their spears threateningly.

This attitude, as Christopher knew, was due to a strangely confused method of thinking about the supernatural. The turnrak, to the Eskimo mind, is a thing to inspire awe, but is, nevertheless, obliged to do the bidding of those who are strong enough to force it to their will.

"Take our gifts and bring us blessings!" shouted the warriors ferociously.

Christopher laid a restraining hand on Ole's sleeve.

"Let me tell them," he said in English, and continued in his halting Eskimo: "We accept all your gifts. But they are too much for us to carry. Send men to take them to a cave in the mountain tomorrow, and leave them there. We will find them."

This seemed instantly satisfactory to the warriors, who nodded their wild heads and again rested their spears on the ground. But their ferocity remained uncomfortably in the minds of the white people.

"I only hope we don't come into conflict with them," said Ellen, shuddering. "We have only six guns among us, and there must be a hundred spearmen, with knives and bows as well. We could not hold out very long against them."

"You're right, Lady Nell," said Oleson, with an anxious frown, as they turned toward the ascent of Copper Mountain. "I wish I knew what this day is to bring!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## The Good Chevalier

TO be known as The Good Chevalier, and to have come down in history with the description of "the knight without fear and without reproach," are certainly distinctions which any man, however great, might envy and covet.

The individual who won this unique honour was born in the second half of the fifteenth century, and his family having been soldiers for generations, he was educated in the profession of arms. Almost all his immediate ancestors had died on the field of battle, and this was to be his own lot later on.

After being a page in a duke's household, the usual entrance into the ranks of chivalry at that time, the youth entered a tournament when only eighteen and carried away the prize from one of the most experienced knights of the day.

This was play, but when he went into real war he equally distinguished himself, and in his first battle had two horses killed under him and performed many feats of romantic valour. Yet he had not yet reached his nineteenth year.

A few years later, in another war, he held a bridge single-handed against 200 of the enemy, and enabled the main body of his own countrymen to make a safe retreat.

His name now began to shine throughout Europe as a brilliant example of what a chivalrous knight should be. He did not know fear, and when at the Battle of the Spurs some of his fellow warriors began a disgraceful retreat which might have developed into a rout for the whole army, it was he who by his daring valour stemmed the tide and saved his countrymen from utter destruction.

With only 14 companions he reached a place where only two could pass at a time, and exclaiming "We halt here," he sent word to the army that he would hold the place and give it time to reform.

In the next war, so amazing were his deeds of valour that the French king, who had fought by his side, begged and received the honour of knighthood at his hands upon the field.

His whole career was one long succession of gallant and chivalrous deeds, almost passing belief, and he lives in history today as the outstanding type of a brave, intrepid, and honourable knight who was as merciful to a foe as he was daring in combat.

At last he received a mortal



wound in battle, and, saying, "Pity not me; I die as a man of honour should, in the discharge of my duty," he had himself propped against a tree, facing the enemy, and so passed away. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





# Frame Your Mind to Mirth and Merriment



## Dr. MERRYMAN

A VERY talkative man from town had been pestering a farmer with questions.

At length, when the farmer was almost desperate, his visitor asked: "I suppose you hatch all these chickens yourself?"

"No," was the prompt reply; "we keep hens for that purpose."

### A Geographical Letter

A GIRL sent a boy this letter, using names in the atlas to make it an amusing puzzle. The solution will be given next week.

Dear lake in Uganda, we are all hoping to see you at island south of Java. We expect to have a fine island off South-West Africa, with lots of another name for the Molucca Islands. We shall have a cape in Newfoundland on the cape in Nova Zembla. We hope you are enjoying Alaskan volcano.

Yours sincerely, Italian city.

### Tom, the Piper's Son

HERE is another old nursery rhyme written in the style of a cross-word puzzle:

Tom, Tom, the musician's male offspring,  
Stole a hog and away he moved rapidly.

The hog was used as food, and Tom was chastised severely.

Tom, Tom, the musician's male offspring.

### Is Your Name Conybeare?

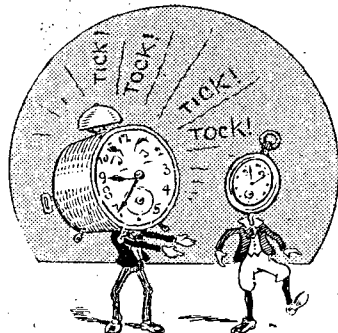
THE name Conybeare, with its variant spelling Conibear, is made up of the words cony, an old name for rabbit, and bear, a West Country word for wood. Conybeare therefore means the wood where conies were found, and no doubt the ancestor of the Conybeares lived near or in such a wood.

### A Dangerous Diet

AN ostrich who'd swallowed a bale of steel filings turned visibly pale. "I've a tip-top digestion," moaned he, "but I question if 'twas wise on such food to regale!"

WHEN is a pie like a great English poet?  
When it is Browning.

### Come-Alive Characters



Stopping a Runaway

"Hil! Do not hurry," ticked the Clock.

"A word before you go: What's the right time? I ask because I rather think I'm slow."

The Watch replied, "The time you want I cannot give, old top.

I ran, you see, until you called, And then I had to stop!"

WHY is it dangerous to sleep in a train?

Because the train always runs over sleepers.

### No Longer Wanted



BILLY WEATHERTIGHT drew up a conger, But it proved than poor Bill to be stronger;

And he said to it, "Go! See, I cut the line—so! You're so long that I don't need you longer!"

### Waiting for the People

A FRENCH gentleman had ordered a picture in which a church was to appear, but the painter, not being good at figures, took care not to put any in the scene he was depicting.

The client was delighted with the picture when it was finished, but, seeing no people, he remarked:

"Monsieur Lantara, you have forgotten to put some people into the picture."

"Sir," replied the artist, pointing to the church, "they are all at Mass."

"Very well, then," said the client, "I shall buy the picture when they come out."

WHAT is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?

One is the sale of effects and the other is the effects of a sail.

### Do You Know Me?

WITH ladies fair at routs and balls I'm seen,  
Yet with the cottage maid trip o'er the green;

With merchant prince upon the exchange I shine,  
Or with the collier sink into the mine;

Where armies march I constantly attend,  
Yes, and each soldier owns me as his friend;

The greatest kings and princes bend to me,  
Yet I serve all with great humility;

I aid both judge and statesman, philosopher and clown,  
Grandfather, infant, rich, and poor, in country and in town.

Solution next week

### When the Scout Came Home

A BOY SCOUT who had been travelling abroad and enlarging his mind was telling his mother about some ancient monuments. Some of them, he said, were covered with hieroglyphics.

The mother drew her son nearer to her, and in an anxious tone said: "I hope, dear, you did not get any on you. Flossie might catch them."

WHAT is it that a pudding has which everything else has?

A name.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Word Finding. Egg

What Am I? A river

## Jacko Chases the Wasps

JACKO pricked up his ears one morning when he heard Mrs. Jacko say the house was full of wasps. He asked her what she would give him if he got rid of them, and Mrs. Jacko, being in a generous mood, actually promised him half-a-crown.

It was Mr. Jacko's turn to prick up his ears at that. He said Jacko would smash everything in the house, and that he, for one, would very much rather the wasps were left alone. But Mrs. Jacko said she really couldn't get on with the jam-making with so many wasps about, and she told Jacko to see what he could do.

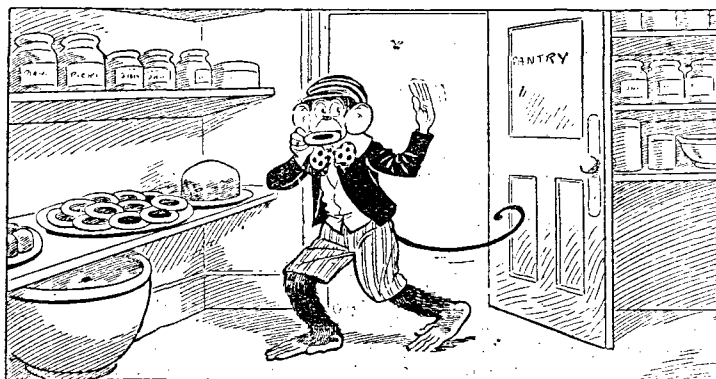
"Though the poor things don't mean us any harm and I don't want them hurt," she added. "Just chase them out of the window, and perhaps they won't come back."

All the same, even Mrs. Jacko was a bit doubtful when Jacko asked her for the key of the larder.

"What do you want to go in there for?" she asked suspiciously.

"Why, wasps!" said Jacko. "There ought to be lots of them in there."

But he was wrong about that. There was only one solitary wasp high up on the window, and Mrs. Jacko, with an anxious



The wasp was out of his reach, but the jam tarts were not

eye on the jam tarts, said she really didn't think that one mattered.

Jacko did, though. He had noticed the jam tarts, too! And he told his mother he would soon swish the wasp out of the window if she left it to him.

Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all keen on leaving it to him, as he called it; but as a saucepan boiled over just then she had to go off into the kitchen to look after it, and leave Jacko to his own devices.

Jacko didn't get on very fast. He found the wasp was well out of his reach. But the jam tarts weren't!

At last he thought of the half-crown Mrs. Jacko had promised him, and had another look at the wasp.

Suddenly he grinned from ear to ear. Then he crept out of the larder—and came back with the cat!

"Go on, pussy, catch him!" he said, holding the cat as high up as he could.

But unfortunately the cat was very sleepy, and not at all keen on snapping at wasps. It struggled to get away, and at last it scratched Jacko so badly that he put it down in a hurry, and went off to another part of the house to see if he could find some wasps anywhere else.

But he hadn't been gone long before there was a fearful shriek from Mrs. Jacko, who had just gone into the larder.

Jacko listened with a grin.

"What a fuss to make about a couple of jam tarts!" he said. "Nobody would have missed them."

But it wasn't only the jam tarts. Jacko had left the cat in the larder. And when he met it on the stairs with a bloater in its mouth he knew what had happened—and made himself scarce.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### New Use for Hay

The authorities in charge of a harbour in California have used an original method for clearing the oil scum from the surface of the water.

Every day quantities of hay were scattered in the current, and this gradually absorbed all the oil that had accumulated. The hay drifted ashore with the tide, and was raked up and burned.

### Un Nouvel Usage Pour le Foin

L'administration d'un port de Californie a fait usage d'un procédé peu commun pour enlever l'écume huileuse qui flotte à la surface de l'eau.

Chaque jour on a versé dans le courant des quantités de foin qui a peu à peu absorbé toute l'huile qui s'était accumulée. La marée amenait à la côte tout ce foin, et il ne restait plus qu'à le ramasser et à le brûler.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Camp

TOMMY's birthday came in the summer holidays, and when Mother said he could choose a birthday treat he chose to go and live in a tent in the wood with Timmy, Dora, and Elsa for a whole day.

They hadn't a real tent, but Tommy said they could make a lovely one with a clothes-horse, a sheet, and some green boughs.

They started off on the morning of Tommy's birthday, carrying all these things, as well as a basket with bread-and-butter, apples, birthday-cake, and potatoes in it. The potatoes were going to be cooked over a gipsy-fire for dinner.

When they came to the wood they lit a fire, and then Tommy said he and Timmy would build the tent—because the girls couldn't—and Dora and Elsa could cook the potatoes—because cooking was not boys' work.

The tent looked very nice when it was finished, and the builders were very hot and tired, and hungry for potatoes and butter, so it was a pity that Elsa and Dora had forgotten to put any water in the pot and the potatoes were all burned as black as coals.

"What sillies!" said Tommy. "I thought all girls could cook."

But just as he said it a gust of wind came and the tent fell down flat, and buried them—and the burned potatoes too—underneath it!

When they had struggled out Dora said, "What sillies! I



They lit the fire

thought all boys could build tents!"

And then they had to laugh. And it was just as well that they could see the funny side for soon it began to rain, and they all went home very wet, and had to eat Tommy's birthday-cake in the school-room instead of a tent.

The next time they camp out in the wood the boys are going to cook and the girls are going to build.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

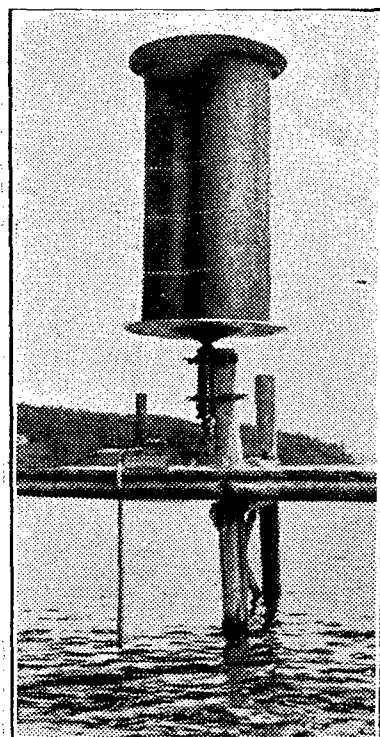
## MRS. HOBBS AT THE WICKET • THE ROTOR PUMP • A LEANING TOWER



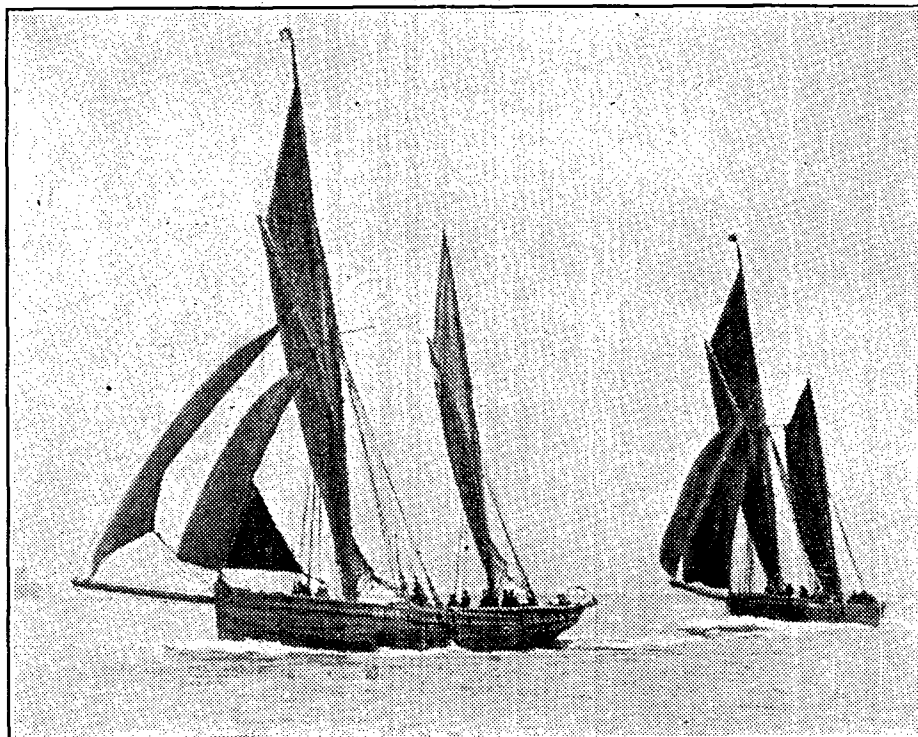
Mrs. Hobbs at the Wicket—Mrs. Hobbs, wife of the famous batsman, also enjoys a game of cricket, and is here seen facing the bowling on Margate sands while her son keeps wicket



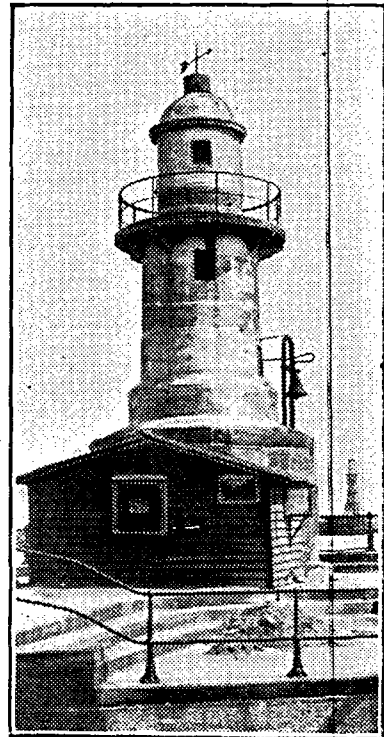
Scouts Home from the Alps—These jolly Boy Scouts are some of the party that has just come home from Switzerland after thrilling mountaineering adventures among the Alps



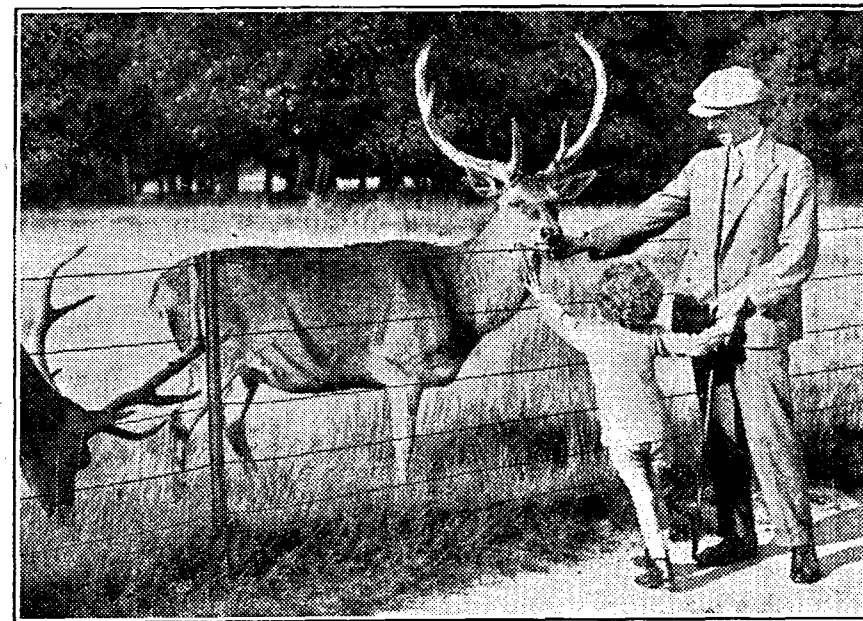
A Rotor Pump—Here is a Finnish adaptation of the rotor wind-power principle for raising water from a lake to a garden



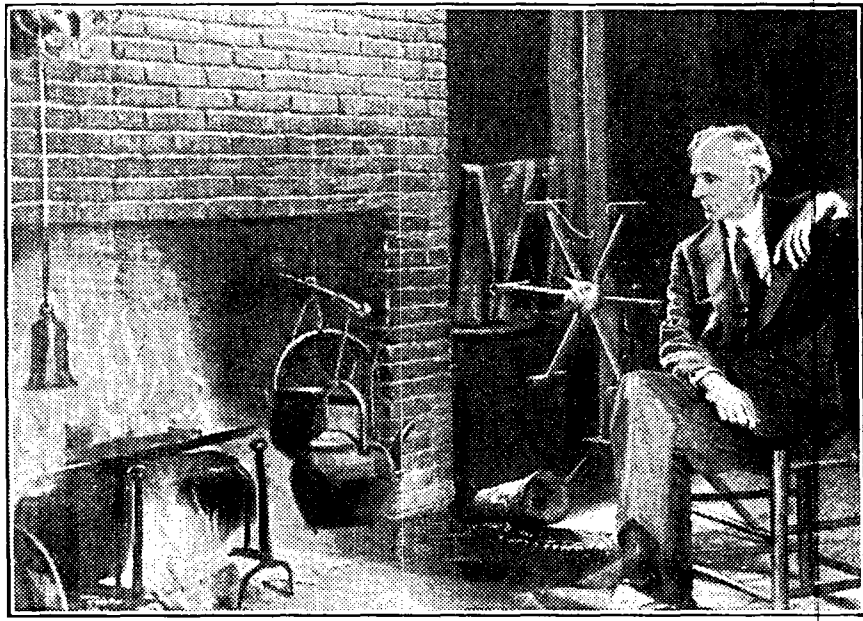
A Race Between Trawlers—At the Torbay Royal Regatta at Brixham, in Devonshire, there was held the other day an exciting race between trawlers for the King's Cup, as we see here. These fishing boats look as graceful as the white racing yachts which also took part in the regatta



Sunderland's Leaning Tower—This old lighthouse at Sunderland is to be demolished because it has sunk on one side



Three Friends at Richmond—One of the most beautiful spots near London is Richmond Park, where there is a fine herd of deer. Many of the animals are quite tame, and, as we can see in this picture, a little Londoner and his father are delighted to make a new friend



Henry Ford Buys Historic Inns—Mr. Henry Ford is preserving bits of old America for everyone to see. He has been buying and restoring old coaching inns, among them Longfellow's famous Wayside Inn in Massachusetts. Here he is visiting one of his old inns at Detroit

## AN INTERESTING FAMILY—MY MAGAZINE, THE C.N., AND THE CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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